

THE EARNEST OF THE SPIRIT

FRANCES BEVAN

F 46²⁰⁵

B4675

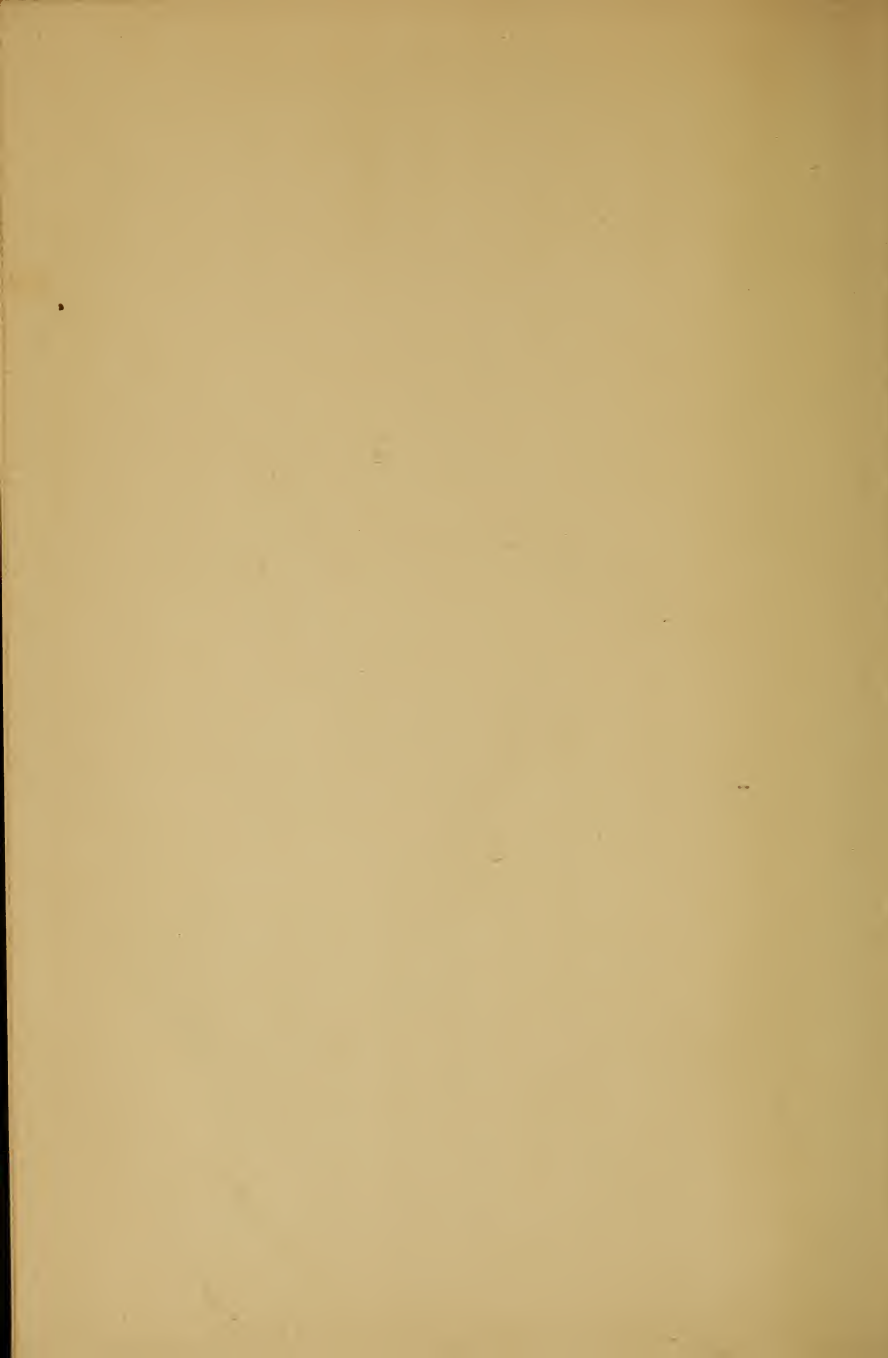
FROM THE LIBRARY OF
REV. LOUIS FITZGERALD BENSON, D. D.
BEQUEATHED BY HIM TO
THE LIBRARY OF
PRINCETON THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

Division

Section

SCB
14381

THE EARNEST OF THE SPIRIT



✓

THE EARNEST OF THE SPIRIT



BY ✓

FRANCES BEVAN

AUTHOR OF "THREE FRIENDS OF GOD," ETC.

EATON & MAINS: NEW YORK
JENNINGS & GRAHAM: CINCINNATI

1907



PREFACE

THE Holy Ghost delights to take of the things of Christ, and show them to us. John xvi. 13-15. May the Lord give us, in realising the fulness of Jesus, to abide in the sweet savour of divine delight in Him, dwelling by faith in the promised land, that we may know what our hope is, as well as what is the ground of our hope, the Blood of the Lamb.

By faith, and in the Spirit, we have this place in Christ, who is in heaven. It is not mere theory or mysticism; but we who believe *are* united to Christ by the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. We are quickened together with Christ. Being forgiven all trespasses, we are raised together, and seated *in Him* in heavenly places.

Therefore it is true of us who believe in Jesus,

that God *has* revealed unto us, by His Spirit, the things which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, the things which God has prepared for them that love Him. “Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable Gift.”

CONTENTS

| | PAGE |
|------------------------------------|------|
| THE PALMER | I |
| THE HIDDEN MANNA | 2 |
| PENTECOST | 4 |
| TWO RIVERS | 7 |
| THE JUDGMENT-SEAT | 9 |
| IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA | 11 |
| TWO LIVES | 13 |
| NOT FORSAKEN | 15 |
| THE MORNING STAR | 17 |
| THE SEED | 19 |
| THE LAMB ON THE ALTAR | 21 |
| WHITER THAN SNOW | 23 |
| YE ARE CHRIST'S | 25 |
| NOW | 27 |
| THE LEADING HAND | 29 |
| FIRST AND LAST | 31 |
| THE PILLAR | 35 |
| ONE MOMENT | 36 |
| JESUS MY SHEPHERD | 38 |
| FOUND | 39 |

| | PAGE |
|----------------------------------|------|
| THE WAY | 41 |
| EARTH AND HEAVEN | 43 |
| THE WELL IN THE DESERT | 45 |
| FOLLOWING | 47 |
| FOOTPRINTS | 49 |
| THE GIFT | 51 |

THE EARNEST OF THE SPIRIT

THE PALMER

“Our conversation is in heaven.”—PHIL. iii. 20.

A PILGRIM alone in the desert
I seek for His steps on the sand—
Yet bearing the palm from the mountains
Of the holy, the glorious land.
Around me the lion and adder,
The wilderness burning and bare ;
But quiet and green are His pastures—
My heart is not here but there.
I have walked in those blessed valleys
And He has walked there with me,
As now in the pathless desert,
And now on the waves of the sea.
And soon will the pilgrim journey,
The wilderness path be o'er ;
I shall bear the palm into heaven,
And say, I was here before.

THE HIDDEN MANNA

“After the second veil, the Tabernacle which is called the Holiest of all; . . . wherein was the golden pot that had manna.”—HEB. ix. 3, 4.

“To him that overcometh will I give to eat of the hidden manna.”—REV. ii. 17.

IN the glory of God the Father
The Man who is God I see—
Brought nigh in the Holy of holies,
Lord Jesus, I worship Thee.
The Manna that God has hidden
In the depth of the golden shrine;
I feed upon Christ in glory,
Thy glory, O Lord, and mine.
For not for the wilderness journey
That Manna in heaven is stored;
But for strength to the heart to adore Thee,
To rejoice in the joy of the Lord.
The food of the heavenly banquet
Art Thou in that glory apart,
Where the angels behold the Father,
And His children have known His heart.

There fed on the hidden Manna,
In the secret of God's delight,
And here on the food of the desert
Sent down in the dews of the night,
Christ in the joy He has entered
The Manna in heaven, I know—
Christ in His sorrow remembered
The strength for the journey below.

PENTECOST

“There appeared unto them cloven tongues like as of fire, and it sat upon each of them ; and they were all filled with the Holy Ghost.”—Acts ii. 3, 4.

BEHOLD, from the upper chamber
The saints of the Lord go forth,
To the rising sun and the setting,
And afar to the south and north—
Each crowned with the joy eternal,
The halo of cloven flame,
For from depths of the innermost heaven
The Spirit of glory came ;
They are the earthen vessels
Wherein the Treasure is borne
On through the dark night watches
Till rises the golden morn.

The Treasure is Christ—is Christ.

They are chords that were strung in heaven
That the hand of the Lord should smite,
So making the wondrous music
To tell of His heart's delight—
The Music of God is Christ.

They are the lamps that were kindled
From the glory beyond the sun,
As the myriad stars resplendent,
Yet ever the light is one—
Their glory and light are Christ.

A spectacle God has made them
To the world, to angels, and men,
That Jesus, the Scorned and Rejected,
Should be scorned in His own again—
Thus is their guerdon Christ.

They are the living fountains
That gladden the desert road ;
Through them the eternal river
Flows down from the throne of God—
The River of joy is Christ.

On from the upper chamber,
On to the break of the day,
An ever unbroken procession
Still do they wend their way ;
For their Guiding Star is Christ.

And at last to the upper chamber,
The Presence Chamber above,
They pass from the world's reproaching,
Are lost in the light of His love
For ever, for ever with Christ.

TWO RIVERS

“He clave the rocks in the wilderness, and gave them to drink as out of the great depths.”—Ps. lxxviii. 15.

“He showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb.”
—REV. xxii. 1.

FROM the smitten Rock on the desert shore
There flows the sacred River—
Oh! joy to drink, and to thirst no more
For ever, and for ever!

And across the wastes that are salt and dry
There sounds the voice of singing—
For there, a marvel and mystery
That well of life is springing.

.

From the throne of God and the Lamb in heaven
There flows a glorious River,
A tide of gladness in fulness given
For ever, and for ever—

And unto the soul that drinks is known,
In the land beyond the desert,
The Lamb who was slain, on the Father's throne
His love untold and unmeasured ;

For it is not to slake the wilderness thirst
That flows that exhaustless River ;
The stream from the Rock was the gift at first—
The Stream from the throne the Giver.

As the Stream in the desert is He with me,
Then sweet is the pilgrimage story ;
But with Him am I, and His face I see
In drinking the Stream from His glory.

From the smitten Rock still flows the tide,
And life from the dead is that River ;
From the Lamb on the throne there flows to the
Bride
The Bridegroom's joy for ever.

THE JUDGMENT-SEAT

“Who shall lay anything to the charge of God’s elect?
It is God that justifieth. Who is he that condemneth?”
—Rom. viii. 33, 34.

BEFORE the judgment-seat of Christ
Shall His belovéd stand,
Their raiment white as is the light,
A palm in every hand.

Like Him who sits upon the throne
All glorious and all fair,
His everlasting life their own
They stand irradiate there.

His deep delight—His heart’s desire,
The joy before Him set,
For them He passed through flood and fire,
He wept on Olivet.

For them His agony untold;
For them the curse He bare:
He sees the travail of His soul
When stainless they are there.

With splendour wrought their robes were
brought

From God their Father's store—
In Christ arrayed, Himself displayed
In them for evermore—

And who shall then the soul condemn
That God has justified ?
Shall Christ condemn, beholding them
His Body and His Bride ?

Adorned for Him as is the wife
Upon her marriage day,
Himself it is who is their life,
As He is, so are they.

He gives to them the glorious prize
For works that were His own ;
Their beauty in the Father's eyes
Is Jesus Christ alone.

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA

"Thou wilt cast all their sins into the depths of the sea."
—MICAH vii. 19.

"They took up Jonah, and cast him forth into the sea:
and the sea ceased from her raging."—JONAH i. 15.

MY *sins* cast into the depths of the sea—
All, all, and for evermore;
By the mighty Hand that was pierced for me;
I thank Thee, my God, and adore.

.
MYSELF cast into the depths of the sea,
For ever, for ever, past and gone;
No more are the eyes of the Lord on me:
He looks on the Face of His Son.

The winds and the sea their raging cease,
And deep is the calm divine;
The stillness of God's eternal peace,
For ever, for ever mine.

He cast me into the fathomless deep,
Into the heart of the sea ;
Down to the roots of the mountains steep,
And the depths closed over me.

So past and gone—so past and gone
For ever, for evermore ;
And yet to stand in the Risen One
Alive on the golden shore.

My life hast Thou brought from the pit of doom
When the dread night passed away ;
And Jesus arose from the garden tomb,
His life to be mine to-day.

So passed from the grave to the heavenly place,
To the glory where Christ is gone,
I rest in the radiance of Thy Face,
Accepted, O God ! in Thy Son.

TWO LIVES

“A Man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief.”—ISA. liii. 3.

“Thy God hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows.”—PS. xlv. 7.

SIDE by side the gladness and the sorrow,
Deepest shadow and eternal sun;
Two lives live we till the glorious morrow
When the life is one.

So the angels saw beside the mourners
Him, the Man of sorrows, walk and weep—
Yet rejoice in presence of His angels
When He found His sheep.

So His sufferings in His own abounding
Are to them a bitter cup and sweet;
Through the storms they hear the psalteries
sounding
From the golden street.

Sweet with Him to suffer, made partakers
Of the mystery of that sacred woe ;
Yet the mystery of His joy partaking
Even here below.

Deep and fathomless His unknown sorrow,
Deep, unspeakable, the joy we share
Here awhile by earthly mists beclouded—
All unclouded there.

NOT FORSAKEN

“I will not leave you orphans : I will come to you.”

—JOHN xiv. 18.

“I WILL not leave you orphans,”—thus He came,
Came even as He said ;
His presence resting, a celestial flame,
On each beloved head.

There resting still—eternal love was He,
Descending then ;
Their aureole to be that angels see,
And light, by them, to men.

In that fair radiance His beloved tread
The lonely ways ;
By Him through starless depths of midnight led,
Through darkened days.

They sorrow not alone, nor weep alone,
And not alone rejoice ;
When mists enshroud the morrow all unknown
They hear His voice.

They speak the tongue of that eternal land
 Whence their Beloved came ;
The lost, the broken-hearted understand
 And learn His name.

He walks beside them in the ways He trod,
 When homeless here was He—
He leads them where the blessed heart of God
 Their home shall be.

THE MORNING STAR

“I am the bright and Morning Star.”—REV. xxii. 16.

“I will give him the Morning Star.”—REV. ii. 28.

IT is night around on the hills and the sea,
In the cities of splendour and sorrow,
And we watch for the day that is to be,
For the crimson dawn of the morrow.
O Thou Morning Star, in the deep dim sky,
On our lonely pathway shining,
Thy light the light of the day that is nigh,
Of the Sun that has no declining—
O Star of the Morning, we worship Thee,
The guide to Thy pilgrims given,
Far over the desert and over the sea
To the golden towers of heaven.
Yet the eyes that see Thee, ere morning breaks,
The cloudless morn in its splendour,
Ere the earth from her dream of sorrow awakes,
And the graves their captives render,

Have seen Thee there where never is night,
Where the Star is lost in the glory ;
Where Thou art the everlasting Light
And the ransomed fall before Thee.
Already brought to the courts divine,
Where Thou art the Man ascended ;
For there in Thee for ever are Thine,
The days of their mourning ended.

THE SEED

“He shall grow up before Him as a tender Plant, and as a Root out of a dry ground.”—ISA. liii. 2.

A SEED it was of an unknown Tree
That grew in an unknown land,
And far and wide on the lonely lea
It fell from the Sower's hand.
The thistles and thorns that soil had borne
Or barren and bare it lay ;
But the seed had ripened in golden dawn
Of a country far away.
No sun, no shower, no skill, nor toil
That germ from the earth could bring ;
It was formed in the depth of a heavenly soil,
And fed from a heavenly spring.
It was not a seed from the ancient tree
In the Eden that man had trod ;
It was borne by a Tree that could only be
In the Paradise of God. . . .

O soul, thou barren and desolate land,
 Rejoice that the work is done ;
That the seed is sown by a mighty hand,
 Himself its rain and its sun.
Beyond thy hopes that are yet despairs,
 Beyond thy want and thy will,
Beyond thy desires, beyond thy prayers,
 Beyond thy strength and thy skill :
All in that seed from His hand is given,
 All the love of His heart to thee—
All the unspeakable joy of heaven,
 Himself the Seed and Himself the Tree.

THE LAMB ON THE ALTAR

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.”—REV. v. 12.

EVEN as Abel saw Thee, the Lamb on the altar laid,
Afar in the ages dim—
Even as Thy redeemed in their stoles of white
arrayed
Shall sing the eternal hymn,
Worthy is the Lamb.

Even so have I seen Thee, the Lamb that was slain
for me,
Accursed in the sinner's stead ;
Even so have I seen Thee, my trespasses laid on
Thee,
The crown of thorns on Thy Head—
Worthy is the Lamb.

Even so have I seen Thee—I saw the Face of my
God

Beneath that thorny crown—

Saw from the wounds I had made the stream of the
precious Blood,

The cleansing Blood, flow down—

Worthy is the Lamb.

Every sin forgiven, cast in the depths of the sea,

And death with its curse and sting—

Only the marvellous love of the heart of my God
for me ;

So will I praise and sing,

Worthy is the Lamb.

WHITER THAN SNOW

“Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and His Father; to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.”—REV. i. 5, 6.

I KNOW it, my sins are as crimson,
Unmeasured their depth and their sum;
I weep at His feet as I own them—
To Him, to Him only I come. . . .

. . . As surely as Christ is in heaven,
His raiment as white as the light,
So surely thy sins are forgiven—
Thou art whiter than snow in His sight.

As surely as Christ is in glory,
Is no condemnation for thee,
And all of thy sins without number
Are cast in the depths of the sea.

Christ sits on the throne of the Father,
A witness to angels and men,
That all of thy judgment He suffered,
And never may suffer again.

Himself He has said, "It is finished"—

The work of redemption is done ;
And no man, nor God in His glory,
Can add to the work of His Son.

. . . Lord Jesus, the cup of Thy sorrow
Is turned into sweetness for me ;
I sit at Thy banquet in Heaven
For ever, for ever with Thee.

YE ARE CHRIST'S

1 COR. iii. 23.

“As a shepherd seeketh out his flock in the day that he is among his sheep that are scattered, so will I seek out My sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day.”—EZEK. xxxiv. 12.

I AM Thine, the sought and the found one
On mountains lone ;
I am Thine, the saved and forgiven,
Thine ; Thine alone.

I am Thine, Thy love and Thy longing,
Thy hunger and thirst ;
For me was Thy cry in Thine anguish,
Forsaken, accursed.

I am Thine, the branch of Thy planting
In heavenly soil ;
The fruit of Thy sighs and Thy sorrow,
Thy tears and Thy toil.

I am Thine, the pearl Thou hast set in
Thy crown of light ;
I am Thine, the lamp Thou hast kindled
In starless night.

I am Thine, Thy song and Thy music ;
The heavens resound
With Thy joy that the dead is living
The lost is found.

N O W

“Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world. Amen.”—*MATT. xxviii. 20.*

ALWAY, for ever, by night and by day,
In the morning glad, in the evening dim ;
When in glare of the day lies the wilderness way,
Ever, for ever with Him.

In the weary land is the shade of the Rock,
The shade from the fiery glow ;
And where in the noontide rests His flock
Well, well in my heart I know.

Ever at hand in the midnight gloom,
When the stars are lost in a moonless deep ;
When the earth beneath is a silent tomb,
Where the beloved sleep.

Ever at hand in the glory He stands
Of the light beyond the stars and the sun ;
And the tears are wiped by tenderest Hands—
His, the Undying One.

O Door to the palace of crystal gold,
To chambers of peace where Thine own abide,
The wayworn who rest awhile on Thy breast
And journey on earth by Thy side,

A Presence within, and a glory around,
A Home and a Temple art Thou ;
In the field and the street as on holy ground,
Lord Jesus, we walk with Thee now.

THE LEADING HAND

“ He found him in a desert land, and in the waste howling wilderness ; He led him about, He instructed him, He kept him as the apple of His eye.”—DEUT. xxxii. 10.

LED on athwart the chill encircling gloom
From wastes afar,
When dark the night, and far the light of home—
No moon nor star. . . .

But now, my God, no more I ask to see—
The radiance of Thy face has shone on me.

I was not always thus ; I prayed that Thou
Wouldst lead me on ;
To find the bliss I loved and chose—but now
The quest is won.

Far other than the phantom that I sought,
A bliss unknown ;
The blessed welcome to the Father's heart,
His Home my own.

The moor, the fen, the crag and torrent past,
And round me lies

The summer-land untouched by wintry blast,
God's paradise.

Thyself the land of fountain and of flood
From depths divine,

Where blossom and bear fruit the trees of God,
That land is mine.

FIRST AND LAST

"The Lord God planted a garden eastward in Eden; and there He put the man whom He had formed. And out of the ground made the Lord God to grow every tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food. . . . The rib, which the Lord God had taken from man, made He a woman, and brought her unto the man. And Adam said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh."—GEN. ii. 8, 9, 22, 23.

"We are members of His body, of His flesh, and of His bones. . . . This is a great mystery: but I speak concerning Christ and the church."—EPH. v. 30, 32.

As a telescope revealing
Some unreckoned star,
Not to our dim eyes appealing
From the depths afar.

As an ancient casement opened
Towards the dawning day,
Where a land of mystic glory
Stretches far away.

So those words, so few, so tender,
Sound from days long past,
That first home to us foretelling
What shall be the last.

Fairest trees the Lord had planted,
For the man should see
Veiled in forms and hues of beauty
That which God must be.

He, the man, should see in all things
Parable and sign,
By the breath of God receiving
Sight and sense divine.

Not alone in that fair garden
Should his heart rejoice ;
There should blend in his rejoicing
One respondent voice.

One, who from him, for him, fashioned
As his crown should be ;
For as he was, God's belovéd,
Even so was she.

Blessed picture soon to vanish—
Vanish, yet remain ;
High, in God's eternal glory
Verified again. . . .

Blessed hope of His high calling,
Goal that ends the race ;
Christ the Man in heavenly glory,
Our last resting-place.

Christ, the Man in whom the fulness
Of the Godhead dwells,
All the heart of God disclosing,
There His secret tells.

Not the man who saw the mystery
In a mirror dim ;
But the Lord, His face unveiling,
God revealed in Him.

Not alone in that fair garden
Shall His heart rejoice ;
There shall blend, in His rejoicing,
One respondent voice.

One who for Him, from Him fashioned,
His fair crown shall be ;
For as He is, God's Belovéd,
Even so is she.¹

¹ I John iii. 2, iv. 17.

He was loved ere God had founded
Earth and heaven above ;
She, in Him, was loved and chosen
With eternal love.

Unto this, O Lord, our Shepherd,
Dost Thou lead us now,
Earnest of that joy bestowing ;
For that joy art Thou.

Christ the Alpha ; Christ beginning
The eternal past ;
Christ the Omega, the ending ;
Christ the First and Last.

THE PILLAR

“In the daytime also He led them with a cloud, and all the night with a light of fire.”—Ps. lxxviii. 14.

ALL along the way, in the night and in the day,
A Guide has led me on ;
And will lead, for ever lead me, though weary be
the way,
Till the blessed Home is won.

A canopy of cloud, in the fierceness of the noon,
That shadowing pillar stands ;
A Light for ever steadfast, in the changing of the
moon,
It leads through midnight lands.

Safely through the desert with Him I journey on,
And the blessed end I know—
I shall find the One who led me, in heaven where
He is gone,
As in the cloud below.

ONE MOMENT

“He said unto her, Thy sins are forgiven.”—LUKE vii. 48.

ONE short moment in an endless story,
All the rest untold ;
In the dark mine of the vanished ages
One bright gleam of gold.

One short moment at the feet of Jesus
Weeping joyful tears ;
Past for ever, with their sin and sorrow,
All the former years.

One short moment—midnight lies behind it,
Cloudless day before :
This the wondrous tale that He has told us ;
Need He tell us more ?

Coming forth unbidden from the darkness,
Then in depths of light
Does the witness of the love eternal
Vanish from our sight.

Yet *we* know the midnight whence she journeyed;

Know we not the rest ?

Those who owed the most, a sum unreckoned,

They will know it best.

Know the mystery of that deep compassion,

Glory of that grace ;

Know the fulness of His absolution,

Radiant in His Face.

Know the journey onward to the glory ;

Heaven they also know :

For Himself who is the joy of heaven,

Walks with them below.

JESUS MY SHEPHERD

“ I have found My sheep which was lost.”—LUKE xv. 6.

JESUS sought me wandering, far, oh, far away !

He brought me home to God.

Never are there wild wastes where His sheep can
stray

Beyond His staff and rod.

Jesus bound my wounds ; He laid me on His breast ;

He healed my sickness sore.

Jesus is my Strength, and Jesus is my Rest,

To-day and evermore.

Jesus, who hath found me, leadeth me along

Beside the waters still ;

Jesus is my Food, and Jesus is my Song,

Betide me good or ill.

Jesus is the Shepherd who gave His life for me,

His loved one and His own ;

Pearl that He had found in abysses of the sea,

His ever, His alone.

FOUND

“We have found Him, . . . Jesus.”—JOHN i. 45.

No more do I seek Thee ; for Thou art here.

It is Thou who has sought for me ;
And nearer than I to myself am near
For ever my God will be.

I seek not the sun when the noon is high ;
In his light and his warmth I dwell :
And when by the waters of peace I lie,
I seek not the desert well.

I seek not my Father the while I sit
At the feast which His hands have spread ;
In the glorious robe of Heaven made fit
I eat of His living Bread.

I seek Him not in His secret place,
Where I rest in the shade of His wings ;
But ever beholding the light of His face,
My soul rejoices and sings.

I shall not seek Thee in Heaven above ;

Mine eternal home art Thou.

Oh, Home of my soul ! I abide in Thy love

Now, even now.

THE WAY

“ Having therefore boldness to enter into the Holiest by the blood of Jesus.”—HEB. x. 19.

By the Blood of Jesus, the precious Blood of Jesus,
Shed upon the tree,
Heaven to me is opened, the Heaven of the heavens,
Even unto me.

Now the veil is rent, and the mystery unfolded
Of the future dim ;
I have seen the Home wherever and for ever
I shall be with Him.

All the stain effaced, and all the sin forgiven,
All the wandering past ;
All the warfare ended, I shall fall before Him,
See His Face at last.

See Him who has borne me over the dark mountains,
Over the wild sea ;
See Him who has led me unto living fountains
Flowing fresh and free.

Known unto the soul ere yet the eyes have seen
Him,

Known as none beside.

Then as is the Bridegroom decked in fair adorning
Known unto the bride.

EARTH AND HEAVEN

“He poureth water into a bason, and began to wash the disciples’ feet.”—JOHN xiii. 5.

WASHED for ever in the blood of Jesus
Once and nevermore ;
Brought where spotless in their white attire
All His saints adore ;

There within the Holiest beholding
Him, the great High Priest,
Joining in the song, the glorious music
Of the heavenly feast ;—

Yet along the earthly path of sorrow,
Feet defiled by sin,
Still to pass the mountain and the valley
Ere we enter in.

Ours the twofold life of earth and heaven,
And in both to know,
Him who in His temple leads our singing,
Wipes our tears below.

Here amidst the mire and defilement
 Bends to wash our feet,
Till at last they tread where nought defileth
 Heaven's golden street.

Low He kneeleth girded for the washing,
 Still His blest employ,
Till He change at last that cleansing water
 To the wine of joy.

THE WELL IN THE DESERT

“God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water.”—GEN.
xxi. 19.

WHEN the water is spent in the pitcher,
And the outcast weeps alone,
Near at hand, in the desert land,
Is a fountain all unknown.

A fountain whose living waters
From the springs of His love are fed,
Who numbers the stars of heaven,
And the hairs of the wanderer's head.

He opens the eyes that were weeping,
That fountain of life they see ;
It flowed from His side in the day that He
died,
O, thirsting soul, for thee !

In the noon of the burning desert
That marvellous fount unsealed ;
In the drought of the soul despairing
Christ, Christ revealed.

Christ for the wilderness journey ;
Christ when the journey is past ;
Christ the Beginning, the Ending ;
Christ the First and the Last.

FOLLOWING

“Follow thou Me.”—JOHN xxi. 22.

“FOLLOW thou Me.” O Heart that needed my
nearness

Where Thou art gone,
Give me with foot unlingering ever and ever
To follow on.

More blessed than joy of service, the courts to enter
Of that high place ;
Where Thou art the song and music, and home
and welcome,
And see Thy face.

Then to return, transfigured by sight of Thy glory
To tell of Thee ;
To say, we have seen and heard Him, and bring
back His message,
“Come unto Me.”

For Thou art the goal of the race, the end of the
journey,

O Christ, our Lord ;

Thou art our haven, our heaven, our rest, and our
gladness,

Our great reward.

And after the crown is won, and the palm to the
hand is given,

The warfare past,

All enemies under Thy feet for ever and ever,

Subdued at last.

Then there remains the glorious country untrodden

By angels' feet,

Where there shall walk in white the washed and
forgiven

By Thee made meet.

For the heritage undefiled, the heavens unsullied,

Meet, Lord, for Thee ;

The bride adorned for her Husband, and fair with
His beauty,

His crown to be.

FOOTPRINTS

“My sheep wandered through all the mountains, and upon every high hill.”—EZEK. xxxiv. 6.

How beautiful on the mountains
Are the feet of Him who brings
The tidings of living fountains,
Of the everlasting springs.

Why far in the desolate places
The track of His feet do I see?
His loved and His lost ones He seeketh,
Wherever, wherever they be.

They were washed in the tears of sinners,
Those feet in the years long ago;
They were pierced by the hands of sinners,
That the cleansing Blood might flow.

They are treading, unthanked and unwearied,
The mountains of sorrow and shame;
Their track is the path that leadeth
To the glory whence they came.

Thither, His steps returning,
Have marked the way He has trod,
To the source of the crystal river
That flows from the throne of God.

THE GIFT

“Thine they were, and Thou gavest them Me.”—JOHN
xvii. 6.

FATHER, ere the world was, Thou gavest to Thy Son
Thy pearl from the deep sea,
Precious and unsullied, the many who are one,
Thus, Father, even me.

Even me, O Father, with myriads washed in Blood,
One pearl of worth unpriced,
Chosen for His crown upon the throne of God,
The radiant crown of Christ.

Love that cannot end as it never could begin,
Sought out in love divine,
Lost ones in the midnight of sorrow and of sin,
Yet Thine, for ever Thine.

Thine the earthly vessels of preciousness untold,
Though fashioned from the clod,
Unto Thee most holy, at last to shine as gold,
In the Temple that is God.

Temple of the glory of God and of the Lamb,
Where all His own shall meet.
His crown of thorns recalling in radiance of the
crowns
They cast before His feet.

THE END

By the same Author

COME!
GOSPEL HYMNS

Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

HYMNS OF TER STEEGEN,
SUSO, AND OTHERS
FIRST SERIES

Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

“The literary quality of many of the hymns will be welcome to many lovers of sacred poetry.”—*Manchester Guardian*.

“The versification is good, and many of the hymns are worthy of a recognised place in English Hymnology.”—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

HYMNS OF TER STEEGEN
AND OTHERS
SECOND SERIES

Crown 8vo, 1s. 6d.

“A volume of very choice pieces.”—*The Christian*.

“Choicely printed volume, sure to be prized highly as a gift book. . . . Remarkable for sweetness and the strength of its sober exaltation.”—*Yorkshire Post*.

MATELDA AND THE CLOISTER OF HELLFDE

Translations from the Book of Matilda of Magdeburg
(supposed to be Dante's Matilda)

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

TREES PLANTED BY THE RIVER

Crown 8vo, 4s. 6d.

"This excellent book will commend itself to many a contemplative Christian during hours of quiet communion with his own soul and with God."—*Christian Commonwealth*.

"A deeply interesting book."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

THREE FRIENDS OF GOD

Records from the Lives of
JOHN TAULER, NICHOLAS OF BASLE, HENRY SUSO

Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.

"Fascinating glimpses of the strange religious life of mediæval Europe. No student of history and human nature can fail to be interested by this book, while to pious minds it will bring stimulus and edification."—*Scotsman*.

"The simplicity and austerity of life of these great men are depicted with graphic and sympathetic touch."—*Court Journal*.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO., LIMITED

21 BERNERS STREET

By Frances Ridley Havergal

32mo, 1s. 6d.

UNDER THE SURFACE,
UNDER THE SHADOW.
THE MINISTRY OF SONG.

16mo, 1s.

MY KING.
ROYAL COMMANDMENTS.
ROYAL BOUNTY.
THE ROYAL INVITATION.
LOYAL RESPONSES.
KEPT FOR THE MASTER'S USE.
STARLIGHT THROUGH THE SHADOWS.

Cloth, 32mo, 9d.

MORNING BELLS; or, Waking Thoughts for the Little
Ones. Paper cover, 6d.

LITTLE PILLOWS. Being Good Night Thoughts for the
Little Ones. Paper cover, 6d.

MORNING STARS; or, Names of Christ for His Little
Ones.

MEMORIALS of FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

By her SISTER. Best Edition, 6s. Crown 8vo, 2s. 6d.
Cheap Edition, cloth, 1s. 6d.; paper covers, 6d.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO., LIMITED

21 BERNERS STREET

By Mrs. Pearsall Smith

THE GOD OF ALL COMFORT

Small crown 8vo, 2s.; in superior binding, 2s. 6d.

THE UNSELFISHNESS OF GOD, AND
HOW I DISCOVERED IT

Large crown 8vo, 6s.

OLD TESTAMENT TYPES AND
TEACHINGS

Crown 8vo, 5s.

EDUCATE OUR MOTHERS

Or, WISE MOTHERHOOD

Crown 8vo, 1s.

EVERY-DAY RELIGION

THE COMMON-SENSE TEACHING OF THE BIBLE

Crown 8vo, 2s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.; paper cover, 1s.

"Passages of Scripture are brought together in a manner that marvellously illuminates the subjects discussed; and the expositions are most clear in thought and apt in illustration."—*Life of Faith*.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SECRET OF A
HAPPY LIFE

By H. W. S. Revised Edition. Small crown 8vo, paper cover, 1s.; cloth limp, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.; with gilt top, 2s. 6d.

"Full of bright and cheering thoughts."—*Church Bells*.

"A book that is capable of doing untold good in the way of promoting a more entire surrender of the soul and consecration to the will of God."—*Rock*.

LONDON: JAMES NISBET & CO., LIMITED

21 BERNERS STREET

gift

